



Patrick Jemmer: Dod Sha Thre / Coming Home

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Cyn gynted ag yr ydych chi'n dechrau dysgu'r Gymraeg, bydd rhaid i chi siarad amdanoch chi'ch hun. Pwy ydych chi? Beth yw'ch enw chi? O ble dych chi'n dod yn wreiddiol? Oes anifeiliaid anwes 'da chi? Oes teulu 'da chi? Beth yw'u henwau nhw? Fedran nhw'r Gymraeg? Lle aethoch chi i'r ysgol? Pryd dechreuoedd chi ddysgu, a pham? Ers faint dych chi'n dysgu? Dych chi wedi bod i'r Eisteddfod erioed? Beth am gystadlu? Canu mewn côr rydych chi? Beth yw'ch hoff dreiglad(au)? Chi'n sgwennu barddoniaeth, wrth gwrs? Sut brofiad yw dysgu Cymraeg fel oedolyn? "Pobol y Cwm," dyna sioe gyffrous ofnadwy i chi, reit? Beth yw'ch agwedd at ddwyieithedd ac at amlddiwyliaeth? Beth fydd tynged yr iaith yn yr unfed ganrif ar hugain? Chi 'di darllen yr un diweddar gan Mihangel Morgan? Wel, fel y meddant, "cenedl heb iaith, cenedl heb galon." Dyma ddarn wedi'i sgrifennu'n ffugawrol (neu o leiaf â'm tafod yn soudn yn fy moch, ac â'm genau am fy nant) fel "hanes fy mywyd hyd yn hyn." Mae'n ceisio mynd i'r afael â rhai o'r cwestiynau uchod gan symud o amser fy ngeni, drwy fy mebyd yn Abertawe, i'm hanturiaethau yn Lloegr, nes i fi ddychwelyd yn y pendraw i'r hen wlad, gan "ddod tua thref." Ac yna, hynny yw yn awr, fe ddechreua'r stori o ddifri.

As soon as you start to learn Welsh, you'll have to talk about yourself. Who are you? What's your name? Where do you come from originally? Do you have any pets? Do you have family? What are their names? Do they speak Welsh? Where did you go to school? When did you begin to learn, and why? How long have you been learning? Have you ever been to the Eisteddfod? What about competing? Do you sing in a choir?

What's your fave mutation(s)? You pen poetry, of course? What's your experience of learning Welsh as an adult been like? "Pobol y Cwm," there's an exciting show for you, right? What's your attitude to bilingualism and multiculturalism in the twenty-first century? Have you read the latest by Mihangel Morgan? Well, they say that "a nation without a language is a nation without a heart." Here's a piece, written in mock-heroic style (or at least with my tongue firmly in my cheek) as "the history of my life up to now." It tries to get to grips with some of the questions above, moving from the time of my birth, through my childhood in Swansea, to my adventures in England, until I returned in the end to the old-land, "coming home." And then, that is now, the story begins for real.

Yn ein gwareiddiad bondigrybwyll, fy mwyn gyfeillion, llawn technoleg wynias, oni ellid dweud mai bodau dynol, cymaint â grymoedd natur, sy'n llunio tirweddau? Diymwad yw hyn. Ond o safbwyt amgen, y taerwn mai dylanwad hollbwysig lleoedd a gerfia gymeriadau, sy'n ffurio personoliaethau. Mewn gwirionedd, bydd pobl yn fwy tebyg i blanhigion nag y sylweddolwn ni, o

In our scarcely-mentionable civilization, my dear friends, full of white-hot technology, could it not be said that it is human beings, as much as the forces of nature, that fashion landscapes? This is indisputable. But from an alternative viewpoint, I would insist that it's the all-important influence of places that carves out characters, which forms personalities. In truth, people are more like plants than we realize, from the start of pregnancy,

ddechrau beichiogrwydd hyd at farwolaeth. A egina'r hadau gwreiddiol, yn laswydd cryfion ond hyblyg, sy'n ffynnu dan oleuni hoenus haul yr haf, ac yng ngenau gwylt y gwynt yn y gaeaf, fel ei gilydd? Mae'n dibynnu ar gyfansoddiad y pridd y'u plennir ynddo.

Eto i gyd, mae'r term "tir" yn cyfleo mwy na nodweddion daearyddol yn unig; yn y cyd-destun hwn, mae hefyd yn cyfeirio at chwedlau, agweddau, gobeithion, disgwyliadau, ieithoedd. Bara nefol, bywyd yr enaid, yw'r tir, heb yr hwn na all dyn oroesi. Dymunaf archwilio'r syniad hwn trwy'ch tywys ar siwrnai o amgylch fy hunan. Yn f'achos, trwy lwc yn hytrach na chraffter, cefais fy ngeni yn nhirion dir Cymru bron hanner canrif yn ôl, ac yno y cychwynnw ein taith.

Wel, pan ddywedaf Gymru, y Deheudir a olygaf, a Bae Abertawe yn enwedig. Ile y cynhyrched mwy na hanner copr y byd er y Chwyldro Diwydiannol. Pris uchel a dalwyd am y llwyddiant hwn, a chafodd y ddaear ar bwys Cwm Tawe Isaf ei lygru gan y sorod, a chan y nwyon gwenwynig a chwydwyd allan gan y ffatrioedd. Gyda threigl amser y gadawyd yr holl safleoedd, ac erbyn pan ddaeth tymp f'esgor, un o'r ardaloedd llymion yn Ewrop oedd hyn, heb anifeiliaid na phlanhigion.

Hyd yn oed cyn genedigaeth, roeddwn i'n deithiwr, ac er gwaethaf yr holl ddinistr amgylcheddol yn yr ardal, trefnais i'm mam fynd â fi i uned bediatrig Ysbyty Treforys. Adeiladwyd hwn er mwyn trin milwyr Americanaidd yn ystod yr Ail Ryfel Byd. Rhyfedd yw dweud na fyddwn yn y byd o gwbl oni bai am fy nhad-cu a chafodd ei eni ar dir diffrwyth yn rhywle ger Môr Llychlyn. Rhedasai ef oddi cartref yn grwt er mwyn ymuno â'r Llynges Fasnachol, ac amser y Rhyfel, suddwyd y llong gan y Natsiaid, yr hen gythreuliaid. Achubwyd ei fywyd a'i daethpwyd ef i'r ysbyty lle gweithiai fy mam-gu fel nrys gynorthwyo! Nid yr un gair o Saesneg, heb sôn am Gymraeg, y gallai ef ei siarad, a pwys ar wyneb y ddaear fyddai ag awydd siarad iaith y Liu Du? Er hynny, blodeuodd serch ym mhridd ffrwythlon calonau'r ddua gariad, a nwyd gwylt a rhochyd y Llychlynwyr a'r Gymraes a genhedloedd fy nhad.

Ar dir anghysegredig gerllaw Heol Maes Eglwys, felly, y deuthum i mewn i'r byd. Dyna oedd llu o gerubiaid llond eu croen, a ddiarddelasid o Gapel y Tabernacl, yr eglwys gadeiriol anghyddfurfiol fel y'i gelwir, yn datganu fy nyfodiad, ar gynn a phibau. Ar yr un pryd, yn ôl fy mam, bu Côr Orpheus Treforys yn canu "Tyrdd, Ysbryd Sanctaidd" ar y radio. Nawr, fel y meddant, iaith y nef ydy'r Gymraeg, ond i deulu di-Gymraeg y'm hanfonwyd i ddod yn fy mlaen yn y byd mawr, crwn. Felly ni allwn ddeall geiriau'r emyn ac roedd rhaid imi gael addysg.

Ond cyn gwneud hynny, roedd angen arnaf gael hwyl yn y maes anturnaturiol ar bob tu imi, lle y rhedwn, yn wylt gan orfoledd. O am dref hell a hyfryd ydwyt, Abertawe! Wel doedd yn werth poeni yng nghylch hagrwyd honedig y ddinas; i fi o leiaf, gwlad hud a lledrith ydoedd, yn llifeirio o 'sgyflaeth siocled a hufen iâ Joes. Fe arferwn hedfan, cyfuwch â barcut dan gyfaredd, o'r parciau dinesig, toreithiog, i'r traethau a'u pyllau llawn creaduriaid hynod a brawychus, oedd yn daflriad carreg ymaith. Ac yn yr haf hir a chrasboeth o saith deg chwech, fi a'r gweddill o'r cryts ar goll a chwaraeai gachgi bron yn noethlymun groen i gyd gan siglo o goeden i goeden yng Ngwlad Byth Bythoedd ar waelod gardd fy mam-gu arall.

Ffotwn ar fyw yn Abertawe, ac yno roedd fy nyfodol yn argoeli'n dda; yn gyntaf oll y tyfai'r fesen yn dderwen gydnerth. Er crystal oedd fy mhlientyndod, sut bynnag, tyngedwyd cynllun f'oedran gŵr i fod yn wahanol. Yn fy nhyb, roedd arnaf angen dianc er mwyn datblygu, er mwyn aeddfedu'n ffrwyth iach. Edrychwn at

up to death. Will the original seeds sprout into green saplings that are strong but flexible, which flourish equally well under the health-giving light of the summer sun, and in the wild jaws of the winter wind? That depends on the composition of the soil in which they're planted.

Then again, the term "land" conveys more than just geographical characteristics; in this context, it also refers to tales, attitudes, hopes, expectations, languages. Heavenly bread, soul-food, that's what the land is; without it, one cannot survive. I wish to investigate this idea by leading you on a journey around me myself. In my case, through luck rather than diligence, I was born in the tender land of Wales almost half a century ago, and there we shall begin our journey.

Well, when I say Wales, it's the Southlands I mean, and Swansea Bay in particular, where more than half the world's copper was produced from the time of the Industrial Revolution. A high price was paid for this success, and the land around Lower Cwm Tawe was poisoned by the slag, and by the poison gases that were belched out by the factories. In time, all these locations were vacated, and when the time of my parturition came round, this was one of the harshest areas in Europe, lacking both animals and plants.

Even before birth, I was a traveller, and despite all the environmental devastation in the area, I arranged for my mother to take me to the paediatric unit of Morriston Hospital. This was built to treat American soldiers during the Second World War. It's strange to say that I would not be in the world at all were it not for my grand-pa who was born on barren land somewhere near the Baltic Sea. He had run away from home as a boy in order to join the Merchant Navy, and at the time of the War, the ship was sunk by the Nazis, the old devils! His life was saved and he was brought to the hospital where my grand-ma was working as an auxiliary nurse. He couldn't speak a single word of English, let alone of Welsh, and who on the face of the Earth would be keen to speak the tongue of the Black Host? Despite that, love blossomed in the fruitful soil of the two lovers' hearts, and the wild passion of the Norseman and the Welsh-girl brought forth my father.

It was on the unconsecrated soil beside Heol Maes Eglwys, therefore, that I came into the world. There, a host of chubby cherubs, who had escaped from Capel y Tabernacl, that nonconformist cathedral as it's called, declared my arrival with pipes and trumpets. At the same time, according to my mother, Morriston Orpheus Choir was singing "Come, Holy Spirit" on the radio. Now, as they say, Welsh is the language of heaven, but I was sent to an un-Welsh family to make my way in the big wild world. So, I couldn't understand the words of the hymn, and I had to get some education.

But before doing that, I needed to have fun in the natural adventure playground all around me, where I would run, wild with rejoicing. O what a town you are, Swansea, ugly and lovely! Well, it wasn't worth worrying about the ugliness of the city; for me at least, it was a charmed land, flowing with chocolate milkshake and Joes ice-cream. I used to fly, as high as an enchanted kite, from the fertile civic parks, to the beaches with pools full of strange and frightening creatures that were a stone's throw away. And in the long, baking-hot summer of seventy-six, I and the rest of the lost-boys would play chicken almost in our birthday suits, swinging from tree to tree in the Never-never Land at the bottom of my other gran's garden.

I loved living in Swansea, and there my future was looking good; at first, the acorn was growing into a robust oak. No matter how good my childhood was, though the plan of my manhood was fated to be different. In my view, I had to escape in order to develop, in order to mature into a healthy fruit. I looked towards England, the other side of

Loegr, yr ochr draws i Glawdd Offa, gan gadw fy nghefn ar fy ngwlad fy hun. Doedd yna wynt mawr a chryf yn rhwygo'r mynyddoedd, na daeargryn yn dryllio'r creigiau; na cholofn o niwl a thân yn mynd o'm blaen i'm harwain ar y ffordd ac i oleuo imi.

Yn hytrach, gwasgai llef ddistaw fain arnaf i dynnu fy hun o'r gwraidd gyda'r geiriau swynol, "man gwyn man draw," a dyna pam y trefnais fy nianc. Wedi'r cwbl, y fi oedd meistr fy ffawd, a chapten f'enaid fy hun fyddwn hefyd. Pam y dylwn aros ym mynwent uchelgais, pan fyddai'r holl fyd yn ei ogoniant i gyd ar gael? O'r harbwr gwag yr hwyliai, gan geisio cefnfor gwyn fy nychymyg. Fe ddeuthum yn bererin, a grwydrai yma a thraw, mewn anial dir.

Dieithryn fûm, mewn gwlad ddieithr, lle doedd dim byd fel yr ymddangosai, lle roedd y strydoedd a balmantwyd ag aur yn ôl pob sôn, wedi'u hiro â blonegen a dweud y gwir. Ymhlieth y tyrau ifori a llennyrch yr academi y crwydrwn, a chwalydd fy mreuddwydion gan y meindyrau breuon wedi'u tagu ag eiddew gwenwynig. Fe lwyddais i lenwi fy mhen â gwybodaeth ond heb gael hyd i ddoethineb, ni wnes greu lle i garedigrwydd yn fy nghalon, chwaith. Petawn i ond wedi gallu dihuno o'r hunllef a dod ataf fy hun gan sylweddoli gwir natur y sefyllfa.

Ond fel hyn y rhodiwn y priffyrrd a'r mân fflyrdd, gan lusgo cerdded yn ôl ac ymlaen, ac yn gadael dinistr yn fy sgil. Y fi fu llef yn gweiddi yn y diffeithwch, gan fynnu gwybod, pwy ydwyf fi? Ond nid atebodd neb ddim byd. Ni allaf weld bai ar y fangre hon; arnaf fi fu'r bai; y fi a ymofynnai am y peth y tu hwnt imi fy hun, y dylwn i fod wedi bod yn chwilio amdano y tu mewn. Ac wedyn ar y ffordd lydan i ddistryw, i'r pyllau glo, a ffowndriau haearn yn yr Ardal Ddu y ffois, i demlau'r gyfundrefn gyfalafol, ond syrthio ar glustiau byddar a wnaeth fy melltithion. A hyd yn oed i Ddyfnaint yr ehedais, ac eistedd wrth afon Wysg, ac wylo, pan feddylais am Gymru. Oddi yno y herciais i Arfordir y De, ac i ddyfnder y môr mawr, halft y llefais: clywch fy llefain, O ddyfroedd gweigion; ystyriwch chi wrth lef fy ngweddiau! O'r braidd y medrwn ddarogan bygythiad y gaeaf oedd yn prysur agosáu.

Afraid dweud, roedd hen wlad fy nhadau, hynny yw, fy mamwlad, yn annwyl iawn imi unwaith eto bryd hynny, fel y mae hi o hyd. Bu hiraeth arnaf am y fangre honno, mor agos ac eto mor bell ar yr un pryd. A gwres yn fy nghalon oedd yr ysbryd Cymreig, a'm Ilosgai'n fflam, ac achosai ofid, a ddôi'n ddraenen yn yr ystlys yn fwylwyd aml. A gallech ddychmygu nad ymfflamychu gwag ydoedd, ond fod rhaid i newidiadau sylweddol ganlyn y fath bigiadau cydwybod. Serch hynny, parod yn ddiau oedd y meddwl, eithr gwan oedd y cnawd. Sut y byddai cychwyn y dychweliad, ac, a fyddai llo pasgedig yn f'aros ar ei ben?

Hir fu'r dydd, a hir y nos, a hir fu aros rhyddhad. Fe ddichon yr oeddwn i'n gweddio ar Arawn, am y fath beth. Ac megis trwy hudoliaeth, neu, yn hytrach, o ganlyniad i fympwyon y twydd annymunol a'r dirwedd ddigymwynas yn yr Hen Ogledd, fe gefais godwm ar y ffordd i mewn i'r gwaith. Bu un dydd o Ragfyr pan drôi bysiau ar eu hochr, o achos yr eira uffernol a weddnewidai strydoedd truenus y ddinas, wedi'u serio gan lwydrew, yn anialwch rhewedig. Dylwn fod wedi gwybod wrth y pigo yn fy mawd, y dynesai rhywbech drwg ei ffawd. Efallai fy mod wedi clywed Cŵn Annwn er imi'u hanwybyddu, ni waeth beth fo'r canlyniadau.

Nid tirion ataf fu'r tir, y dydd tyngedfennol hwnnw, mewn ffordd o siarad. Ar y llaw arall, teg yw dweud mai rhadlon fu ef yn wir. O, pa fodd y cwmp y cedryn, ebe hwy! A syrthio a wneuthum. Ac yno y gorweddais o dan amdo o eira mân, mewn distawrywedd holol heblaw am f'ebychiadau o seithuctod a phoen, hyd nes i'r

Offa's Dyke, turning my back on my own land. There was no great strong wind rending the mountains, nor an earthquake shattering the rocks; nor was there a column of cloud and fire going before me to lead me on the way and to illuminate me.

Rather a wail, quiet but shrill, impressed upon me that I should pull myself up by the roots, with enchanting words "the grass is greener on the other side," and that is why I arranged my escape. After all, it was I who was master of my fate, and captain of my own soul I would be also. Why should I wait in ambition's graveyard, when the whole world in all its glory was on offer? From the empty harbour I set sail, for the white ocean of my imagination. I became a pilgrim who would wander hither and thither, in inhospitable land.

A stranger I was, in a strange land, where nothing was as it seemed, where the streets which were supposed to be paved with gold, were, in truth, smeared with grease. Amidst the ivory towers and academic groves I wandered, and my dreams were shattered by the withered spires, choked with poison ivy. I managed to fill my head with knowledge but without finding wisdom; I did not create a place for kindness in my heart, either. If only I could have woken up from the nightmare and come to my senses, realizing the true nature of the situation.

But like this I trod the highways and the byways, proceeding at a snail's pace yonder and anon, and leaving destruction in my wake. It was I who was voice crying in the wilderness, insisting on knowing: who am I? But no answer came forth from any quarter. I cannot blame this place; the blame was mine; I who sought for the thing beyond myself I should have been looking for inside. And then, on the wide road to destruction, to the coalmines and iron foundries of the Black Country I fled, to the temples of the capitalist system, but my curses fell upon deaf ears. And even to Devon I flew, and sat down by the River Exe, and wept, when I thought about Wales. From there I limped to the South Coast, and into the depths of the great salty sea I cried out, hear my voice, O empty depths, pay heed to my supplicating voice! Scarcely could I predict the threat of the winter which was quickly approaching.

Needless to say, the old land of my fathers, that is my motherland, was truly dear to me at that time, as it is still. I longed for that place, so close and yet so far away at the same time. And a fire in my heart was the Welsh spirit, which engulfed me in flame, and caused anguish. and became a thorn in my side more and more often. And you might imagine that this was no empty inciting, but that substantial changes had to follow such pricklings of conscience. Despite that, the mind was truly ready, but the flesh was weak. How would the return begin, and, would a fattened calf be awaiting me at its end?

Long was the day, and long the night, and long the wait for freedom. Perhaps I was praying to Arawn, for just such a thing. And as if by magic, or, rather, as a result of the whims of the objectionable weather and the disobligeing landscape in the Old North, I had a tumble on the way in to work. It was one December day when buses turned on their sides due to the hellish snow which transformed the city's pitiful streets, seared with hoar-frost, into a frozen wilderness. By the pricking of my thumbs, I should have known that something of ill-omen was stalking me. Perhaps I had heard the Hounds of Annwn, although I ignored them, and to hell with the consequences.

Not gentle towards me was the land, that fateful day, in a manner of speaking. On the other hand, it's fair to say that in fact it was gracious. O, how the mighty are fallen, they say! And fell I did. And there I lay under a shroud of fine snow, in total silence apart from my ejaculations of frustration and pain, until the ambulance took me to the hospital, and

ambiwlans ddod â fi i'r ysbyty, ac i drobwynt.

O wely cystudd, o'r diwedd, ymaith â fi, ond nid ar garged swyn! Yn fy mlaen yr euthum, yn ôl i laswellt trwchus hen Gymru fynyddig, llawn dyffrynnoedd, clogwyni, nentydd, afonydd, polygon hardd, ac ati. Pan gychwynnodd y trén o Paddington, oedd wedi'i oedi gymaint trwy gydol y daith i'r gogledd o Lundain, wnaeth e sgramio'r cannoedd o filltiroedd ar y ffordd adref, a chododd fy nghalon hefyd. Ar ôl y blynnyddoedd hir o alltudiaeth, gallwn glywed fy hun yn llyncu'r geiriau (yn y Gymraeg!): "Boed fy nghalon iti'n demel, boed fy ysbryd iti'n nyth, ac o fewn y drigfan yma, aros, Gymru, aros byth."

Eto, felly, rydw yng Nghymru, sy yma o hyd, a lle yn ail ddegawd yr unfed ganrif ar hugain, y mae'r lloerwedd ôl-ddiwydiannol ar bwys bro fy mebyd, wedi'i thrawsnewid yn llwyr, yng nghwm gwyrdd a dymunol. Mae hen iaith y Cymry'n dal i fyw, ond does fawr neb y tu hwnt i'r Cymry Cymraeg yn cydnabod pwysigrwydd a llawenydd y tafod hwn, sy'n ddisylw o ran y byd ac yn ddi-sôn-amdano; na ellir ei ddeall heb gyfranogi ohono. Sylw coeglyd yw "gorau Cymro, Cymro oddi cartref," ond ers imi ddychwelyd, rwy wedi mynd ati fel lladd nadroedd i ddysgu'r Gymraeg, nerth enaid a chorff: ni fydd y fenter yn drech na fi!

Du a hir fu'r nos, ond o'r tywyllwch y deuai'r wawr, a hudoliaeth yr heniaith ganmolus, weddus a ddôi â'r muriau o'm dieithrio i lawr. Rwy'n gweld y gwir, gan ddeall bod yr iaith yn fwy na geiriau, mai ffordd o fyw ydy, sy'n rhagori fil o weithiau ar bleserau gwag y byd, sy'n datrys eich cadwynau, a gadael i'ch ysbryd fynd yn rhydd ac yn iach.

Er fy ngeweyr yn y dyddiau gynt, ynteu, o'i herwydd, rwy'n coelio fy mod wedi cyrraedd llawn oed, ac mai cyflawn aelod o waed coch cyfan yn nhylwyth y Cymry ydwyf, ymhen y rhawg. Nawr rwy'n rhodio gyda'r dydd a'r hwyr, wrth dreulio llawer awr mewn mwynder maith yr iaith gêl hon, y lanaf yn y byd, sy wedi dwyn f'enaid. Ac rwy'n ymbleseru yng nghyfansoddiadau'r beirdd a chantorion, y mae eu cwmni'n well na'r mîl. Datgana'r llais newydd ei ddarganfod fod hadau f'etifeddiaeth yng ngwlad yr addewid wedi syrthio ar dirion dir fy nghalon a wedi ffrwytho. Felly, gan ddathlu a gorfoleddu, dywedaf ar goed: Rwy gartre!

to a turning-point.

From the bed of affliction, in the end, off I went, and not on a magic carpet! Forward I went, back to the luscious grass of old mountainous Wales, full of vales, precipices, streams, rivers, beautiful views, and so on. When train set off from Paddington – which had been delayed so much through the whole journey to the north of London – it gobbed up the hundreds of miles on the way home, and my heart lifted as well. After the long years of exile, I could hear myself mumbling the words (in Welsh!): "May my heart be you-our temple, may my spirit be your nest, and within this very dwelling, stay O Wales, forever rest."

Again, then, I am in Wales, which is still here, and where in the second decade of the twenty-first century the post-industrial moonscape around my childhood haunts has been completely transformed, into a green and pleasant valley. The old language of the Welsh is still living, but there's hardly anyone apart from Welsh speakers who acknowledge the importance and joy of this tongue, which is unknown to the world, and not mentioned; which can only be understood by parking of it. A sarcastic remark is "the best Weshman's a Welshman away from home," but since I've come back, I've been at it like hammer and tongs learning Welsh, with all the strength of my spirit and body: I shall not fail in my task!

Long and dark was the night, but from the darkness came the dawn, and it's the magic of the praiseworthy and decorous old-tongue that brought the walls of my alienation down. I see the truth now, understanding that language is more than words, that it's a way of life, a thousand times better than the empty pleasures of the world, which releases your chains, and lets your spirit soar, free and whole.

Despite my anguish in days past, or, perhaps, because of it, I believe I have come of age, and that I may be a full red-blooded member of the Welsh tribe, eventually. Now I roam, day and night, spending many an hour in the extensive delights of this hidden language, the purest in the world, which has stolen my soul. And I take pleasure in the compositions of the bards and musicians, whose company is better than honey. The newly-discovered voice declares that the seeds of my inheritance in the promised land have fallen on my heart's gracious soil and have borne fruit. So, celebrating and rejoicing, I shout: I am home!